

# CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 12.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1861.

NUMBER 40.

## Business Cards.

**J. P. WILLIAMS,**

Receiving, Forwarding and Commission Merchant,

CORNER OF FRONT & MAIN STS.

Clarksville, Tennessee.

Prompt attention paid to the Storage and Sale of Tobacco and all kinds of produce.

Nov. 2, '60-ly

**G. A. Ligon & Co.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Confectioneries, Cigars, &c., &c.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

ALL orders from a distance (accompanied with the cash) will be met punctually and upon very reasonable terms.

Nov. 27, '58-ly

**DR. J. M. PIRTELL.**

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

OFFICE and residence, corner Main and Fourth Streets, opposite Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

February 1, 1861-ly.

**B. A. ROGERS,**

Attorney at Law,

Office on Franklin Street,

Clarksville, Tennessee.

Will attend promptly to the collection of all claims entrusted to his care.

Feb. 17, 1860-ly.

**J. J. CHESMAN.**

**CRUSMAN & MITCHELL,**

(Successors to)

**CRUSMAN & JOHNSON,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS.

And Commission Merchants.

Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tennessee.

TEPMS - CASH.

Feb. 22, 1860-ly.

**C. H. SMITH,**

Tobacco Factor, and General

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

NO. 138 COMMON STREET,

NEW ORLEANS.

The most particular and careful attention will be given to the sale of all descriptions of Western Produce, to filling orders, and forwarding merchandise.

All property consigned to me will be covered by my open policy of insurance, and specified otherwise in the bill of lading accompanying it.

Nov. 9, '60-ly

**J. H. JOHNSON,**

Attorney at Law,

OFFICE ON STRASBURG ALLEY,

Adjoining the Court-house, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Oct. 5, '60-ly

**T. D. LEONARD,**

REAL ESTATE AGENT

And

**AUCTIONEER!**

Office, head of the Square,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

June 7, 1861-ly.

**DR. W. M. FINLEY,**

Office over Simpson & Price's,

FRANKLIN STREET,

Residence Corner of Madison and 3rd Streets.

March 22, 1861-3mo.

**JEWELRY!**

WATCHES,

DIAMONDS,

SILVER WARE,

PLATED WARE,

FANCY GOODS,

CLOCKS,

Fine Table Cutlery, &c.

HAVING recently returned from the Eastern cities with a full and well selected stock, purchased on first hands, thereby saving the Jobbers' profit, we are enabled to offer our goods at

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL**

**At New-York Prices!**

OUR PLATED WARE we sell at Manufacturers' List Prices.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

Call at the sign of the Big Watch, Public Square

G. E. COOKE.

Clarksville, Tenn., Oct. 19, 1860-ly.

**H. M. ACREE,**

DENTIST.

Office at my residence on Franklin Street, former residence of C. M. Hiler.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Where I am prepared to perform all operations belonging to Dentistry, with neatness and dispatch. Teeth inserted from one to an entire set, upon the most approved plan. As I make my own gold plate, I can assure my patrons that they will have the best quality of plate used. Persons having unsatisfactory plate work are requested to give me a call. All work guaranteed. Office hours—7 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M.

March 2, 1860-ly

**Lake Kingston Ice Co.**

Myers, CONRAD, CHANDLER & CO., of Nashville, have made permanent arrangements to supply this city with

## Clarksville Chronicle.

Printed Weekly, on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by

**NEBLETT & GRANT,**

Publishers and Proprietors.

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The Duel Without Seconds:

A DAGUEROTYPE FROM THE STATE HOUSE

OF ARKANSAS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Western desperado offers for analysis a new type of human character peculiar to the American frontier. He has no exemplar, either among the fierce forms of savage life or in any of the wildest regions of the old world. Like the fresh forest embowering the rude log-cabin of his home—like the novel medium of circumstances, that environ his political, social, and moral being coloring all his fancies, and inspiring all his feelings, he is a sheer original, as thoroughly unique as he is terribly interesting.

It does not enter into our present purpose to discuss the tangled rationale of causes concurring to yield such a singular specimen of humanity. We intend, not to explain why he is, but simply to describe him as he is. In doing this, however, it may become necessary to show, first of all, what he is not, so as to contrast and distinguish him from certain analogues, with whom he has been frequently confounded, by reason of some common attributes and affinities, though, in other respects, he is *totus alio* an opposite.

1. The desperado is not an assassin. As his very name implies, he is too desperate, too fearlessly and blindly brave for that. He never lurks in ambush; never stalks in the dark; never assaults his enemy when the latter is unarmed; never seeks to take him by surprise, and never maneuvers for the vantage ground. Doth he chance to meet his mortal foe—the man who has slain his father, or violated his sister, or profaned his own person with the stinging touch of the horse-whip—before he cocks his pistol, or draws the big bowie knife from its scabbard beside his belt, he asks the invariable and formal question: "Are you prepared?" If the other answers—"No, I have not got my tools," the desperado says: "Go and get them; arm yourself well, for one of us must die." Thus, it is evident, he is not an assassin.

2. Neither is he a bravo. He never slays for hire. He would slay the wretch out-right who should dare propose a bloody bribe; and so great is his loathing and horror for all kinds of dishonesty, that he even deems immediate death, without any formalities of law or trial, the just punishment of a detected thief or swindler; and he stands ever ready to execute such penalty himself. And thus also it is plain he is not a bravo.

3. Again, he is not, either in disposition or demeanor, an over-bearing tyrant, prone to bully the weak and eringe to the powerful. On the contrary, he makes a theoretical division of mankind into two grand classes—"fighting men" and "peaceable men." He never attacks individuals who fall under the second category—such cannot insult him by any indignity short of personal violence. But a sneering word or a supercilious look from a "fighting man" sets him on fire as with lightning.

4. The desperado differs widely, too, from the professed duelist. It is true they are both mentally sworn to avenge insult; but there the similarity ceases. The duelist fights for etiquette, and from a sense of honor; the desperado from passion, and for the pure love of danger. The one obeys an organized code, burdened with multitudinous statutes as to times, places, formulas, weapons, and the personal equality of antagonists; the other recognizes but one law—the proper provocation, and at the precise moment of its reception, to wage deadly combat, at any time, in any place, and with any and every weapon.

The one must needs have his second to arrange preliminaries and see fair play; the other can have no preliminaries, for he does battle on the insult, ere the thought gets cold—he, himself, will make fair play, and Death is always his second. The one calls for pistols, or the gentleman's sword, or perhaps in a strong case, will risk the surer rifle, especially if attended by the surgeon and his instruments; the other will combat, if ye prefer it, with knives, hatchets, short guns or cannon—nay, he would even handle red-hot "thunder stones" had he power to command the artillery of storms; and there may be business for the grave-digger, for the doctor never, when he is done!

It is worthy of remark, that the desperado has a characteristic division of insults and injuries, denoted by the terms "pardonable" and "unpardonable." The number of "pardonables" is large and rather indefinite; but a spit in the face, the stroke of a horse-whip, the imputation of a lie, the denial of courage, the murder of a relation, and the seduction of a female friend, are fixed, inextinguishable "unpardonables"—sins that must be answered by blood.

The man is not necessarily, in other respects, a dangerous or disagreeable member of society. He may be an affectionate husband, a fond parent, a pleasant neighbor. He is commonly courteous, often humane, and seldom inhospitable.

In fine, two, and only two essential elements may be assigned as constituting the logical differentia of the desperado's character—perfect freedom from fear, and unconquerable determination to punish every insult from one of his class.

This much may suffice as a general description of the strange species. We now proceed to exemplify, by detailing a dreadful occurrence, where the writer had the

misfortune to be an unwilling eye-witness of the tragedy.

The Legislature of Arkansas held a session shortly after the organization of the State Government. Everything, of course, was in a condition of half-chaotic transition. The "loaves and fishes" of office had not yet been fully divided, and monopoly was knocking noisily at the door of the "public crib," clamorous to be admitted. Intense was the fury of partisans within the House, and as fierce the excitement raging in the community without.

The members mostly went to their places armed to the teeth, and, besides the choice weapons, worn in their bosoms, or protruding from their pockets, each kept an ample supply of revolving pistols in his writing desk before him.

Every evening after adjournment, there was a general firing off and reloading, in order to have their "tools" of death in prime condition for the emergencies of the morrow. I was frequently startled from sleep at the hour of midnight, by the roar of incessant explosions heard at different points in the city. Many legislators also during the day would be out practicing to string at the ten paces, or driving the centre string of a silver quarter, at twelve. They used as their pistol-gallery a little grove of pine trees, immediately on the south bank of the Arkansas river, and not more than fifty yards from the State House, where every report was fearfully audible, and admonished certain independent members of the doom they might expect, provided their votes were not cast in favor of the banks!

The Deringer pistol and bowie knife governed. Power resided in gunpowder, and popularity hovered around the naked points of daggers.

Among the most agitating measures, calling into exercise the wisdom of the Western sages, was the institution of the Real Estate Bank. Its establishment was strongly and ably, but ineffectually opposed by a slender minority. All the wealthiest men in the State, all the leading legislators took shares of its capital stock; and John Wilson, Speaker of the lower House, was elected President. As this person was one of the chief actors in the tragedy soon to be recorded, a brief designation of his appearance and character becomes necessary.

Every public man in the backwoods has a *sobriquet*, bestowed on account of some real or fancied peculiarity, by the whimsical humors of his constituents. Speaker Wilson was called "Horse Ears," from his possessing an accident never before heard of in the natural history of the species—his ears worked up and down flexibly, like those of a horse. A man of ordinary looks, nothing in his features or countenance denoted the desperado, save a strange, wild, twinkling expression of his infantile grey eyes, always in motion with cold, keen glances, as if watching out for some secret enemy. He had fought half-a-dozen duels with uniform success, and had been engaged in several more off-hand affairs, in none of which he had received even the honor of a scar. Hence, as may well be supposed, his prowess inspired almost universal fear; and few were the dead shots to be found in Arkansas who would voluntarily seek a quarrel with "old Horse Ears."

As to the rest, he was the owner of a large cotton farm, rich and influential, honest, liberal, and courteous in his manners; exceedingly amiable in his domestic relations, beloved by his family and adored by his slaves. Such are often the inconsistencies of human nature, which seems utterly incapable of producing unalloyed types of either good or evil—angels or devils!

During the session, previously specified, there was a member of the lower House, by the name of Abel Anthony, in no way remarkable except for his opposition to the banks and his sly, quiet wit, addicted to practical jokes. In the parlance of frontier technicians, he belonged to the category of "peaceable men," having never in all his life before had a mortal encounter.

He was even deemed a coward; for he had been known to pocket open insults without so much as showing a sign of resentment.

One day the bill to provide for the more effectual rewarding of wolf-slayers, denominated, in short, "the wolf-skin bill," came up for discussion. This had been a standing reform measure from the earliest settlement of Arkansas, and will probably continue to be so long as the Ozark mountains shall rear their black, bristling crests in the western division of the State, or the Mississippi swamps shall occupy so large an area in the east. Accordingly, whenever the wolf-skin bill is taken up, a tremendous debate ensues. The contest then is no longer between the *ins* and *outs* of power. Whigs and Democrats alike overlap the iron lines of party demarcation, and begin a general massacre of chance melody. It is a battle—war to the knife, and the knife to the handle—of every member against every other; the object being, as to who shall wage the most annihilating statutes against their common foes, the wolves, because that is the great pivot question on which hinges the popularity of each and all.

The present occasion was the more arousing, as there had happened lately a laughable, but most annoying instance in fraud of the previous territorial law. It seemed that a cunning Yankee, fresh from the land growing "wooden nutmegs," had conceived a notable scheme of rearing wolves of his own; so that by butchering a hairy whelp, at his option, he could obtain a certificate of "wolf-skin," entitling him to ten dollars out of the county treasury. It was said that this enterprising genius had already in his pens a number of fine looking breeders, and expressed sanguine hopes of soon realizing a handsome fortune!

Numerous were the provisions advocated to prevent such scandalous evasions in future. Among others, Brown C. Roberts, of Marion, moved "that each certificate of a genuine wolf-skin be based on not less than four affidavits, and be signed by at least four Justices and one Judge of the Circuit Court."

Abel Anthony moved to amend by adding, "and by the President of the Real Estate Bank."

This was intended by the mover merely as a jest, to throw ridicule on the complicated machinery of Roberts' bill, and accordingly it excited a general smile. But very different was the effect on Mr. Speaker Wilson, President of the Real Estate Bank. He saw fit to interpret the amendment as the deadliest insult!

I glanced towards the honorable Chairman, expecting to see him enjoying the joke; but the moment I beheld his countenance, I was absolutely horrified at its savage expression. His face was of ashy paleness; and there, on those thin, white lips, as if in devilish mockery of malice, sat that grim, snake-like, writhing smile, which merely moved the curled mouth—spreading no further, nor affecting any other feature—that significant smile of murder so peculiar to almost the whole class of desperados, when about to do some deed of death. There was, however, brief space for speculation as to physiognomic signs; for hardly had the offensive words left Anthony's lips, when Wilson sprang to his feet and imperiously ordered the other to sit down.

Anthony, manifesting no token of either surprise or alarm, replied mildly, that he was "entitled to the floor."

"Sit down!" Wilson repeated, and this time in a shout like thunder.

"I am entitled to the floor, and will not resign it," said Anthony, apparently without anger, but giving back a look of calm, immovable resolution.

Speaker Wilson then left the chair, drew his bowie knife, descended the steps of the platform, and slowly and deliberately advanced through the hall some forty feet, in the direction of his foe—all the while that ghastly horrid smile, coiling up his pallid lips, and his ears moving backwards and forwards, with those strange, short, sharp vibrations which had won for him long before the nick-name of "old Horse Ears."

As Anthony was generally considered a coward, when the spectators beheld the far-famed and all-dreaded duelist advancing upon him with uplifted blade, glancing aloft in the air, as ready for the fatal blow, all terror from his place. No one believed that he was armed, or that he would fight under any circumstances, or with any odds of position or weapons. But in this opinion everybody was mistaken, and no one, perhaps, more so than his infuriated adversary. While that ferocious man was coming towards him, he stood calm and motionless as a pillar of marble. His cool or did not change one shade. All his limbs were rigid as iron. His only evidence of unusual emotion was a copious efflux of tears! At the sight of this we all shuddered, for then we knew the weaker would conquer or perish. In the backwoods experience has demonstrated two unmistakable tokens of thorough desperation—frozen smiles and hot gushing tears; and tears may always be regarded as far the most dangerous. Such a conclusion was verified fully in the present instance; for as soon as the Speaker approached within ten feet of his weeping enemy the latter suddenly unsheathed a bowie knife from his bosom, and stepped boldly forward to the proffered battle. And then commenced a struggle for life and death—the most obstinate, bloody, and frightfully protracted ever witnessed in the Southwest.

Wilson's knife was long, keen, and so highly polished that you might see your self in the reflection of the smooth, bright surface, as in the most perfect looking-glass—the image being an extremely small miniature, so symmetrical was the rounding of the fine glittering steel. On each side of the flashing blade was a picture, *fac simile* of the other, wrought in exquisite gold enamel, of two Indians in their wild, native costume, engaged in mortal combat with bowie knives.

The weapon of Anthony was of the largest size of the class called in that country "Arkansas tooth-picks," the most murderous implement of destruction before which a human eye ever quailed. On one side of its broad gleaming blade was the picture of a fight between a hunter and a black bear. The bear seemed to be squeezing the man to death in its iron hug, while he was fiercely digging at the shaggy monster's heart with the point of his knife.

Such devices are common on the arms of the most notorious desperados on the frontiers, and are the objects of as intense a pride to their owners as were the insignia of the most exalted chivalry to the knights of the heroic ages. For all men are poets; and the idea seeks forever more to render itself incarnate in the material form—so speak in knowing signs to the senses. Destructiveness will have its images as well as Devotion!

Wilson made the first pass—a determined thrust aimed at the pit of his antagonist's stomach, which the other dexterously parried. For a time both parties fought with admirable coolness, and such consummate skill, that only slight wounds were inflicted, and those on the head and face, whence blood began to trickle freely. And still—ominous and awful vision—while the contest raged, the opposite and characteristic signs of desperation remained fixed—sculptured by the hand of horrible vengeance in either countenance. The cold smile, now converted into a fiendish grin of immeasurable malice, still lingered on Wilson's livid lips; and the tears still flowed, mingling now with warm blood, from Anthony's black blazing eyes! The clatter of the knives, thrusting and fending off, and sharply ringing against each other, was hideous to hear, and alone broke the appalling silence that reigned throughout the hall.

At length, both foes, maddened at the prolonged obstinacy of the struggle, and blinded by the gore from the red gashes about their eyes, lost all caution, coolness, and equanimity, and battled wildly, more like devils than living men. Each one more intent on taking the life of his enemy than in guarding his own—exerted every nerve and muscle with a truculent fury that struck the very beholders with icy fear. Both were soon very severely wounded in

different parts of the body; but still there came no pause in the combat, till Anthony, striking a heavy, overhanded blow, cut his adversary's arm half off at the wrist!

Wilson changed his knife into his left hand and, for an instant, ran several steps backwards, as if to decline any further contest. He then stopped, and, smiling more frightfully than ever—a fearless, infernal look—again rushed forwards. Previously, at this crisis, when certain victory was within his grasp, Anthony committed the folly of flinging his knife at the other's bosom, which, missing its aim, fell with a loud, ringing noise on the floor, more than thirty feet distant. This error decided the tremendous combat. Anthony was entirely disarmed, at the mercy of the tiger-man. Wilson darted upon him with a hoarse cry of anger and hellish joy—there, where he stood, motionless as a rock, powerless to resist, and too brave to fly. One sharp thrust ripped open the victim's bowels, and he caught them, as they were falling, in his hands! Another stroke, directed at the neck, severed the main artery, and the blood, spouting out with a gurgling noise, sprinkling the robes, and even the faces, of some members who sat nearest the horrid scene!

The last act of the tragedy was closed, and the curtain of death dropped on the ghastly stage. Anthony, without a groan or sigh, fell in his place a corpse, and Wilson, fainting from loss of blood, sank down beside him.

Up to this moment, although sixty Legislators were in their seats, and more than a hundred lookers-on in the lobby, and jeweled bejes of bright-eyed ladies in the gallery, still none save those raging madmen, had moved; no sound had disturbed the whisperless silence, but the clangor of their convulsive steel. But then, as both tumbled on the floor, likeumps of lead, a single wild, wailing, heart-shivering shriek, as if some other soul were parting with its mortal clay, arose in the crowd of females and all was again still; but whether that deep cry of an orphaned spirit was uttered by the maiden of poor Anthony's bosom who had hoped to-morrow to be his bride or by the beautiful little daughter of Wilson, or by some pitying stranger, could never be ascertained.

Wilson recovered, and is yet alive; and there is scarcely an inch square on his face that does not show his deep scar, as a memento of the matchless combat. He was expelled the House, hailed by a *mob* of judges, brought to trial, and acquitted.

There was never a jury yet in the backwoods that would convict a person for slaying another in a fair fight! For the desperado is the backwoods hero, whom all men worship.

**The Nelson arrest—his treatment by the Confederates—his letter to the President—Davis Reply—Nelson Advises the Union men to Submit.**

The Knoxville Whig of the 24th contains the promised address of Hon. THOS. A. R. NELSON to the people of East Tennessee. It occupies two columns of the Whig. After stating the causes which led to his flight, the mode of his arrest, the reasons for his Unionism, with which the reader is already familiar, he says:

While on the way to Richmond I had a conversation with a portion of the Tennessee delegation to the Southern Congress and during my stay there was visited by various members of Congress and other public men connected with the Southern Confederacy. The intense solicitude which was expressed, especially by the most prominent and original secessionists, who, without any request on my part, volunteered their kind offices with generous liberality, in regard to the conciliation of the people of East Tennessee, and the unusual kindness and consideration with which I was treated as a prisoner, convinced me that I was in error in supposing that the military power would be exerted for any other purpose than that of retaining the railroad and of aggressive acts on our part.

Acting under this changed conviction, believing that if I were retained as a prisoner, or punished with death, under any strained construction of the treason laws, my friends in East Tennessee in either event would retaliate by arresting public men of the opposite party here, that this would lead to counter arrests, and that the horrors of civil war would immediately exist among us, I felt that it was due to you and myself that I should obtain my release as soon as possible, on the best terms I could effect without dishonor, and after various informal propositions and consultations, I finally addressed to President Davis the following letter:

RICHMOND, Aug. 12, 1861.

To His Excellency Jeff. Davis, President of the Confederate States.

SIR: I have been arrested, and as I learn since my arrival in this city, upon the charge of treason, but whether against the State of Tennessee or the Confederate States, I am not advised. I am conscious of no act, either against the State or the Confederacy, that will support or sustain such a accusation.

I am sincerely anxious to preserve the peace and quiet of East Tennessee, the section of the State in which I reside, as best promotive of the peace and interest of the entire State. I ask to be discharged from a vexatious prosecution that I may return home peacefully, to follow my private interests and pursuits, assuring your Excellency that I will not either directly or indirectly, by counsel, advice or action, encourage, aid, or assist the United States Government to invade or obtain success in the present struggle with the Confederate States, nor will I counsel or advise others to thwart or cripple the Confederate States in the pending contest with the United States, nor will I do so by my own acts.

In view of the increased majority in the election which has just taken place in Tennessee, I shall feel it my duty, as a citizen of that State, to submit to her late action, and shall religiously abstain from any further words or acts of condemnation or opposition to her government.

The parties arrested with me, with the exception of my son who acted by my command, were mere guides and conductors through the mountain passes, on my way to my place of destination, and whatever view may be taken of my own course they are innocent, in no way responsible legally or morally, and have committed no offence against the laws of the Confederacy or the State of Tennessee; and I ask that they be also discharged from custody by your Excellency.

Very Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. A. R. NELSON.

To which the following answer was returned:

RICHMOND, Aug. 23, 1861.

SIR—I have received your letter of the 12th inst., in which you ask to be discharged from arrest and prosecution, and make promise that you will, "as a citizen of Tennessee, submit to her late action, and religiously abstain from any further words or acts of condemnation whatever, or opposition to her government."

The desire of this government being to maintain the independence it has asserted by the united feeling and action of all its citizens, it has been its policy not to enter into questions of differences of political opinions heretofore existing.

I am, therefore, pleased to be spared the necessity of inquiring whether the accusation against you be well founded or not, vexatious or not, and to rest content with your submission as a loyal citizen of your State, to her recent action in adhering to this Confederacy and adopting its permanent Constitution by an increased majority. I have ordered your discharge and that of your companions from custody.

I am, &c. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

To T. A. R. NELSON, Esq.

Since my return home, I am thoroughly satisfied that my friends would have risked the action I dreaded; and, upon the most mature reflection, am content with my own course in the premises. But whether it was right or wrong, wise or unwise, I feel bound, as an honorable man, to set up to the spirit and letter of the obligation I assumed. I shall offer no plea of duress; because neither the Southern Confederacy nor any other earthly power could have compelled me to make an agreement that my judgment and conscience did not approve in the situation in which I was placed.

No terms or conditions, expressed or implied, public or private, attended my release other than those plainly expressed in the two above quoted; but I have thought it due to our past relations and the painful solicitude many of you have felt in my behalf, that I should thus briefly address you.

While I did not promise allegiance or active support to the Southern Confederacy, and will not advise you to assume any obligations contrary to your convictions of duty, I feel perfectly free to say that the failure of the Government of the United States for four long months to sustain us in our position; its apparent inability to do so, since the battle of Manassas, within any reasonable time; the deliberate action of our State in the August election; the assurances of public men that no test oaths or drafting measures will be adopted or required; the mutual hatred which has grown up between the recent secessionist actions of the Union, and the ancient confederate laws which have been either adopted or proposed on both sides, as well other causes, have painfully impressed my own mind with the belief that, unless some wonderful and improbable change is effected, our beloved Union is gone forever, and it is our policy and duty to submit to a result which, however we may deplore it, seems to be inevitable.

Aware that my advice as well as my motives may be liable to misconception, I would still most respectfully recommend to my friends the propriety of abstaining from all further opposition or resistance to the Confederate authorities, or the action of our own State, and should this be done, altho' I have no authority to speak for them, I am satisfied that no military power will be exerted among us, except such as may be indispensably necessary to retain military possession of East Tennessee. And to those of our citizens who have gone beyond the limits of the State, either through fear or the purpose of arming themselves to resist a course of action which is disavowed in Gen. Polk's letter, I think I can safely say, without arrogance, that from the course which was adopted towards me, they would risk nothing by returning to the State and submitting to a result which they have in vain endeavored to prevent.

THOS. A. R. NELSON.

Knoxville, Tenn., Aug. 17, 1861.